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NEWARK, *July 6th*, 1852.

REV. SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD,

*Rector of "The House of Prayer":*

REV'D AND DEAR SIR,—

Being desirous of evincing in some suitable manner, our respect for the eminent civilian whom "the High and Mighty Ruler of the Universe" has recently called to His rest, and believing that there can be no more appropriate way in which to honor the dead, than by calling to our aid one of the ministers of that Holy Religion which supported him when earthly things were passing away—respectfully request that you will,—at evening service on the day appointed by the City authorities for the observance of the obsequies of HENRY CLAY, at "The House of Prayer," or in such other edifice, and upon such other occasion as shall best suit your convenience, deliver a sermon or an eulogy upon the great man, who after long serving his country well, has gone down to the house appointed for all the living, in the hope of a blessed immortality.

A. W. WALDRON,  
THOS. H. STEPHENS,  
CHAS. K. BISHOP,  
GEO. M. ROBESON,  
THOS. T. KINNEY,  
ALEX. POOL,  
CHAS. O. BOLLES.  
DAN. DODD, Jr.,  
DENNIS OSBORN.  
WATERS F. WILLIAMS  
C. C. GARTHWAITE,  
FRED. G. SCRIBA,  
HENRY G. DARCY,  
THEO. RUNYON,  
WM. HENRY CAMP.

JOHN R. WEEKS,  
JOHN W. GARTHWAITE,  
WM. S. FAITOUTE,  
JOSEPH L. ALDEN,  
JOHN CHADWICK,  
GEO. C. THORBURN,  
JOHN SPROSTON,  
HENRY W. DURYEE,  
THOS. A. STAYNER,  
JNO. J. YOUNG,  
WM. CLEVELAND,  
WM. M. LEWIS,  
H. K. INGRAHAM,  
WM. GARTHWAITE, Jr.,  
JONATHAN BIRD.

NEWARK, 2d Aug. 1852.

To MESSRS. CAMP, SCRIBA, and GARTHWAITE, *Committee of  
the Young Men of Newark:*

GENTLEMEN,—

I have been *twice* touched; by your favour, and your partiality. Once, when you asked me to address you. And, now, when you have asked the privilege to print what I delivered.

I accede to your request. The same motives which induced me to attempt to gratify your wish, that I should preach to you on the occasion of the death of a great man, whom I had known—now make me furnish you a copy for its publication. My great desire is, that it should help those, who are ambitions to be eminently great, to believe, that, they will be expected to be *practically good*.

I remain,

Very sincerely,

Your friend,

SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD.

TO  
"THE YOUNG MEN OF NEWARK,"  
WHO,  
IN RECENT YEARS,  
BY  
THEIR DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE,  
OF LEARNING AND RELIGION,  
AND OF ART,  
HAVE BECOME KNOWN,  
BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THEIR CITY—  
THIS EFFORT,  
TO BENEFIT AND PLEASE THEM,  
IS,  
WITH MUCH PLEASURE,  
AND WITH GRATITUDE,  
INSCRIBED.

“Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.”—*Ps. xix. 9.*

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“The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.”—*Prov. vi. 31.*

## SERMON.

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“Grant that these my two sons, may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom”—ST. MATT. XX. 21.

TRULY, “the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death!” By a single stroke, of his, a whole nation is bereaved!

Our ears are filled with the still lingering sound of the funereal strains of music, and the sad tones of bells. A pall, of sadness, has been spread upon a people’s heart—as if all hearts were one! Throughout the length of this extended country, and in all the bosoms of its population, one grief is known, one death is wept, one name is honored! One deep drawn sigh has heaved the full breast of this entire nation, and millions of the heads of freemen, bow, in the act of resignation to the will of God—as if the cedars of his Lebanon, or the mighty forest of his Carmel, were bending, at the

breathing of His tempest, or, at the bidding of His word! In the nation's falling tears, there is the drenching rain of sorrow; and, in that universal sigh, the token of submission; and, in that act of resignation to the will of Providence, there is a true religion!

No deeper woe has ever touched "the electric chain" wherewith a nation may be bound! It came not unperceived. The cloud, freighted with its dark tidings, had been noticed in the sky; and the eyes of millions watched it as it deepened, and then settled down upon the object of its mission, till the stroke was given; and the lightning flash was carried by a thousand lines, and reproduced its fearful light in every corner of the land! Men knew, at the same time, at the remotest bounds of the great country he had served, that HENRY CLAY was gone! Gone, from the theatre of his exertions and renown! Gone, from the counsels of the nation, which he had so many times directed and adorned! Gone, from the country, on whose highest interests he had engraved his name! Gone, from the people, with whose liberty he had forever linked his fame! Gone, from the countless eyes which ever watched his coming; and whose admiration kindled, and



not lessened, at the appearing of his manly form ; and whose earnest gaze first caught, and then sent back again, the brightness of his own ! Gone, where the countless hands, whose welcome he had known might not draw nigh, as yet, to take his hand again ! Gone, so that, never more on earth, their sympathies might be awakened, and their love of country roused, their deepest feelings stirred ; or else, their rising passions quelled ; by his pathetic voice, by his commanding tone ! Gone, from among the living ! Gone, to the Paradise of God ! Gone, where the dead repose ! Gone, from the country's firmament ; from its bright galaxy of living ornaments, and orators, and statesmen ; as if some brilliant star, not quenched, but only set, (though it should be, forever,) had left the admiring world without its beaming light ! while adding to the lustre of the state in which the gathered dead are resting ; and (though unseen by us,) relieved from every mist of life's infirmities, shining with greater glory, in the nether sky !

And all that remains of him on earth—his mouldering body—the clay, in which his deathless spirit dwelt—the statue, without life—the oracle, deserted of its inspiration and the power of its

speech ;—the oracle, once sought by multitudes, and swaying multitudes by its behests ; the oracle, on which the worshippers are calling now, in vain ; the oracle, which once had power to command—which moved in recognition of the offering—which spoke in answer to enquiry, but which, now, is motionless and dumb ; the form, which was erect, amid the wildest tempests of aggression, and in all the trials of the State ; the form, which rose, amid the mass of his associates, as his great spirit towered among men ; the form, which has succumbed, at length, to age, and to disease and death—to the one (save by Jesus Christ,) as yet, unconquered, enemy of man—but which (disdaining human servitude, and bowing to no man) had, in its vigor, with its eye undimmed, and with its force yet unabated, knelt before the throne ; the form, majestic in the field, and as commanding in the quietude of private life, and the secluded sacredness of home ; the form, which bent as lowly in its adoration of the Deity, as it stood uplifted in the raging storm ;—the lifeless body, of the Statesman and the Orator, and of the Christian man, has reached its resting-place—has entered its long home :—borne in a nation's state ; guarded by generous hearts and noble arms—borne, at the

nation's call, by some of her best citizens and most distinguished men—received in sackcloth everywhere—followed by thousands of admirers and of friends—his person honored in his life ; his pall, in death, more wet with the same people's tears !

I am not able to endorse, without reserve, the language of a chivalrous and much-admired man, who helped to bear him to his sepulchre ; while yet it shows the evidence of the whole people's grief, and the sincerity and depth of the pervading sorrow ; and it testifies to the appreciation of the great—and it relieves the people, somewhat, of the charge of their ingratitude—and it assures us, (after he was gone,) of his success :—“ I never saw, at every place we reached, so many people mourning, and so many tears. I never saw such feeling. I thought that my political ambition had all died ; but I have seen, in this outpouring of the people's hearts, something to live for—something for which to die !” I appreciate the language. I take in the fulness of the thought. The wish, if I were other than I am, might be my own. But I am taught, and it is made my privilege to teach to other men, that, though the benedictions of mankind are to be valued, the “ well done ” of God, is more to be desired still ; and if success attend us,

or if we shall go unhonored to the grave, the greater destiny remains unaltered, and the path of duty is the same. While, yet, I own, were I a public man, and called upon to die, whose race was run; next to my soul's salvation and "the peace of God," I should appreciate and wish the benedictions of the free, the grateful homage of the many, and the heartfelt lamentations of the people, whose interest and happiness I had endeavored to promote.

And, again, he said (when speaking to me of his sickness, and his resignation, and his christian death)—"God's kindness to him, and his preparation, and his faith, ought to be known. God's mercy to him, in his lingering illness, and his happy death, ought to be preached about—ought to be known!" And, I answered, I have felt the obligation; and as opportunity may serve me, I will call the attention of the people to his resignation and his patience, and his hopeful death!

And now, he is no more—on earth! His great career is over; his long, and earnest, and victorious race, is run! The halls of Legislation shall no longer ring with his persuasive eloquence, nor with his fearful admonitions, nor with his call "to arms"! His late companions shall no longer profit

by his timely wisdom, nor rally round him, as their leader, in the hour of the country's danger, nor hang, in charmed and breathless silence, on his words! The nation's council fires shall no longer throw their ruddy light upon his form! The ranks of his admirers shall no longer watch, along the line of conflict, for the waving of his plume! He has filled up the measure of his service, and the measure of his fame.

And he is gone. But, as another eloquently said, respecting the departure of distinguished men, "how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions—in the offspring of their intellect—in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare

a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for awhile, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind ; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit! Bacon died ; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died ; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw and described for them, in the infinity of space." And, we may add, that HENRY CLAY has died ; but the principles which he espoused are living ; and the counsels which he gave are cherished ; and the influence of his example will be felt ; and we believe, as well as trust, that, while the Union shall continue ; while freedom, in America, shall last ; while regulated liberty shall have a home upon the earth ; his counsels will be studied—his example will be followed—his eloquence admired—the

impress of his genius will be seen—the influence of his exertions will be felt—his name in every school of liberty be known!

And he has calmly died—in the full measure of his days—as ripened fruit falls from the tree!

And he has gently died—as flowers fold their leaves at set of sun!

And he has gone to rest, as waves subside upon the sea!

And he has laid him down, as victors do, whose race is run!

He died—not as the warrior, upon the field of carnage and of blood—but on the theatre of his renowned, though bloodless, victories—where all his battles have been fought, and all his fame was won!

He died—not all at once, in manhood, at the zenith of his strength—but “like the mildness, the serenity, the continuing, benignity of a summer’s day, he has gone down with slow-descending, grateful, long-lingering light.”

Young men of Newark! you have asked me to preach to you, to-night, on the occasion of the death of HENRY CLAY. And though, for many reasons, I might well have shrunk from such a task, it seemed to me to be the call of duty, and I

thought I could perceive in it a providential opportunity, for usefulness to you ; and I felt, in my own breast, the beating of a heart responsive to your own.

But now, beyond the brief allusions I have made, what further shall I say ? Could I forget the office which I hold, and my position here, I might discuss his mind and eloquence, his usefulness and actions, as a public man. I might enlarge upon the services which constitute his fame. I might, at least, myself, be wrapt in extacies as others are ; for I, too, am a man, of passions like your own—swayed by the breeze, and dazzled by the blaze, and affected by the storm. I also could be held in contemplation of his excellence, his services and his renown !

But, such is not my line. I am to seize on the religious features of his great example, and to press the teachings of his life, and his departure, home. I cannot speak of him in his more public character, and simply as a man. Not, that I did not know him, well. I knew him, from my childhood, to his grave ! I knew him, as but few have ever known the giants of their day. I knew him, when the helm of State was first entrusted to his hand. I knew him, when he would leave the



sterner scenes of mental conflict, and throw off the crushing weight of his responsibilities, and gambol with me as a child. I knew him, in that public light, where only virtues shine—and I knew him, in that private light, where, only, men are known. I knew him, not as public men are met, on state occasions, and adorned with the insignia of office and of place, but every day. I knew him by the quiet hearth, where all was still; when, wearied by the labors of his office—when,

“Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and  
the herds to the homestead.”

And he

“Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the  
flames and the smoke wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city.

Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with ges-  
tures fantastic,

Darted his own ‘long’ shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.”

And I knew him, alike in my childhood and man-  
hood, as he stood, in his greatest glory, the admired  
of all, and the object of, almost, worship, on the

floor of the American Senate! I remember his voice in his table-talk, and when it rang in the evening's diversion; and I have heard it command every Senator's ear, and thrill every one of the people; and it floated, upon the surrounding air, like strains of impassioned music!

I was with him, alone, in his chamber, when he composed his masterly speech, on the occasion of an imminent crisis; and his opening words in the Senate were these, viz. :—"We are in the midst of a revolution; hitherto, bloodless!" Words which impressed every hearer!—words, which never can fade from my memory's ear!—words, which cannot die while I live!—words, (I am sure that you will excuse me) repeated many times to his son, by my own father!—"We are in the midst of a revolution; hitherto, bloodless!" Who can forget the saying? Who would not be the immortal orator? Who would not be the author of these words?

But I must choose another line; and, in abandoning his public services, in turning from the theatre where he acquired his renown, to speak to you in a religious way, and tell you of his testimony to the worth of Christianity, and his reliance on atoning blood, and his appreciation of an

humble piety ; I shall not only follow the suggestions of my heart, and the loud call of duty, but do as he would have me do, if he were living : for I knew him, also, as a christian man—and I remember his example, and gather courage and encouragement (I would it might be inspiration !) from the backward gaze and the devout, benign, expression of his shade ! If I speak not of the earthly scenes in which he has acquired his renown, I shall be speaking of severer struggles, and of better victories upon another field ; wherein he triumphed over self, and where he won a name, a christian name, which will not perish ; and created, by his own repentance, “joy in Heaven,” and gained a title to a better crown !

I shall say nothing to you, which I am not sure that he would of himself suggest, or else approve, if he were here. I am sure that he would rather lead you to everlasting happiness, than to the highest places of the earth, and to a fading wreath, and to a temporal glory ! I am sure that he would rather have you all unknown on earth, than have you unacknowledged in eternity. I am sure that he would, most of all, desire every one of you to shine as a particular star, when this, so transient, flickering, life, is lost, like his, in the continuing, constant light of immortality !

And I am glad that, in his life and death, there is enough of a religious character on which to dwell—far more than I have power to impress and time to tell. Had he not been a christian man—had he not died “in faith,” I might have spoken elsewhere of his services, or of his eloquence, but, here, I had been dumb. A civil orator would speak to you of his abilities, and of his statesmanship, and of his talents, as a man—as if (although unmeant,) the credit of the possession of those talents was his own ; while I am bound to put you in remembrance of that which is most commonly forgotten, that his talents, for your benefit, and for his country’s service, and, consequently, for his fame, were all the gift of God—and that from the acknowledgement of this, results a debt of thankfulness, not only to be spoken of, but in your daily living to be paid, from you to Him !

Young men ! there is occasion for my speaking so. The talents of all great men are conceded, at least they are acknowledged, upon every hand, as soon as they are dead. And since the voice which, for so many years, had led in the debate, and charmed the multitudes, and plead the cause of human liberty, was hushed in death, a thousand orators have told the people of his talents, and

services, and worth ; but it becomes us to discriminate between the mere possession of such gifts, and their improvement—and their application to the service and the benefit of other men. However better motives may be mingled with the lust of personal ambition ; in all those who have attained to eminence, and been their country's pride, we must allow that those who have been real blessings in their day and generation, being useful to their country and mankind, have, in that measure which our frail humanity can fill, performed their duty, and have done the will of God, although it be imperfectly. But, HENRY CLAY was not the author of his talents, any more than every man is his own father ! God gave them ! The Almighty lent them to him for his use. If he has been a blessing to the world—if he has done his generation good—if he has given the world occasion to rejoice that he has lived—God may reward him for the proper use of his own talents, but the praise of his abilities belongs to God ! Their misdirection, if he shall have erred, may add to his immense responsibility ; but the praise, that he was as he was, is all of God !

Except that man has been endowed with a sublime free-agency, which renders him responsible

to "let his light so shine that other men may see," such praise belongs as well to every planet, and to every star, alone, or in a galaxy, which spangles the blue firmament, and glistens in the sky! If, then, you have been wont to look upon him as a leader—or, differing in sentiment and politics, you have been able, only, to concede his talent, and his rare abilities, and value, as a man—if you consider that he did his generation and his country honor—that he contributed, with other men, to our own peace and happiness, to the regulation and the perpetuity of liberty, to the increasing blaze of our own country's glory—be thankful unto God;—to Him belongs the praise! God is the author of all brilliant gifts, as well as of all "honest men." And if to "look from Nature up to Nature's God"—from Nature, which is ever various and beautiful to look upon—from Nature, which is unexplored in its variety—from Nature which has graces infinite—from Nature, which has sermons in its stones, and thought in every thing—from Nature, on each rock of which some hope is founded, and on every bough some pleasing fancy will be hung—on Nature, which is busy only with the finite, and which, though full of eloquence, has not a human tongue—if it be well to look from

Nature up to Nature's God, how better, to reflect that he is Man's Creator, and the maker of us all! Not, in their blindness and their unbelief, (because the clearer light of a more perfect revelation shines in our day); not, in their blindness and their unbelief, but in the spirit of their gratitude, who witnessed, at one time, the miracles of Jesus Christ, I feel disposed to give all praise to God, "who hath given such power unto men," whenever I hear a useful orator, or mark the brilliant course of statesmen, or feel an, almost, reverential awe of a great public man! I look upon them as not merely "self-created," (as is sometimes said—and said when all the thought is bent on the exertions of the man)—when care is taken that all credit should be given which is merited (and oftentimes great credit is deserved) by their endeavors in the improvement of the talents which have been committed to their charge—but not a grateful thought is given, to the wisdom and benevolence of Him, who has dispensed his choicest gifts, for our benefit, and struck out such bright sparks of intellect in our time: I look upon them as not merely "self-created," but created by a power greater than their own;—as being the vouchsafings of the Deity—as being the more startling tokens

of Omnipotence—as being (it is reverently said) the seeming instances of greatest genius, in creating ; among the highest exhibitions of His charity, the more brilliant corruscations of the light, of intellect, which has come down from Heaven ! And so, if we but think of this, and rest not in the man ; whenever we are struck by talents which are wonderful, or are arrested by the great achievements of distinguished men, we shall be led, as surely as the observation of a work of man's invention leads to praise of him by whom the instrument was made, we shall be led to worship the Creator for His power and His love !

And, better than all service to the State—of more importance than his influence in council—than his efforts to secure prosperity, or to avert, at any time, the incalculable evils of civil or of foreign war—the most heroic of his acts, the noblest service which he rendered to his country and the world—the most eloquent of his appeals to all young men ; as patriots, to whose hands the destinies of the Republic are, in time, to be perhaps, entrusted ; as men, ambitious to be useful ; as men, desirous of a deathless fame ; as men, aspiring to true dignity ; as mortals, who must die ; and, as immortals, before whom is stretching on



the endless vista, of eternity—was, his testimony to the necessity and value of religion! Without it, “talents Angel bright” may be but “shining instruments in false ambitious hand, to finish faults illustrious, and give infamy renown”! Without it, he was conscious that no one can be a man. Without it, he was conscious that his whole example was, so far, impure. Without it, he was conscious that he would be leading other men astray. Without it, he would be ungrateful for his gifts of wisdom and of eloquence, and of his power over men. Without it, the best grace were wanting in his character. Without it, he could have no real consolation in his life, and, when his race was run he must forever die! Young men! he has been lauded as a statesman:—you have heard, perhaps, his eloquence;—this, of his virtues was the crown! And the greatest lesson of his life was this,—no man is truly great without religion! “A Christian is the highest style of man.” Let him be great—let him be wise—let him be prudent—and in the estimation of the better portion of mankind, and in the eye of God, he yet may be a curse and not a blessing! His efforts may avert some temporal evil; and his life may have encouraged other men in infidelity, whose

recompense may be eternal! No one can be a man, without religion! No one, without it, can be truly great. No one, in the opinion even of the world, can ever be so great. And HENRY CLAY, for several years before his death, was a religious man. I have seen him in the Senate, all erect in form and carriage, in his conscious pride of intellect and of command—and I have seen him bending as a worshipper, and kneeling on the floor. I have heard him, with profound respect, in the great conflict of distinguished minds, where Greek met Greek, suggesting ways of human wisdom, and providing for the safety of the State. But I have listened to him, with still deeper interest, and with increased regard, and, with intenser feeling, as he joined in “the confession,” in the public service of the Church; and when relying on “the everlasting arms,” he said, “Good Lord, deliver us!” With childish admiration, I ran up to him, as he received the plaudits of the Senate; the thanks, and the congratulations, of the eminently great:—with the tribute of a christian manhood, I approached him, as he rose, from bended knees, upon his feet! He offered, on his country’s altar, his energies, his talents, and his life—but, his best offering, and the sublimest act,

and the most touching scene, of his career, were, at the font! I thought him greater, in "the assembly of the saints"—than in the Senate! I thought him greater, in his humility; in his acknowledgement of his dependence upon God; than in his lawful pride. I thought him greater, when he offered up himself, upon the altar—than when the masses burned their incense unto him! He bore, with greater satisfaction, on his brow, the tracings of the cross, than the deep lines of thought, or title to command!

Young men, if you admire his career—if you would pay him honor—if you are willing to consult him, as an oracle—if you revere his name—copy his late example—hear him, in his maturity—hear him, as I am confident he would address you, now! I love the rising sun! It breaks upon the night. It, all the time, increases, in its glory.—It is full of promise at the dawn—it floods the world, with light! But, men judge better, of his influence, and his effect, at noon! and calculate the benefit, most certainly, when he is going down! Follow him, here. Follow him, now! In youth, he was led on, by the bright sun of his ambition! In manhood, he may have rejoiced, in his own strength.—The setting sun is

both my admiration and delight! It does not seem to be so fired, with ambition! It does not seem so anxious for the race! It does not cast, upon the world, such an untempered light, such an untempered heat:—there is a mellowness, in its appearance; there is a softness, in its light; there is a mildness, in its heat! And, now, that HENRY CLAY has gone—gather, not round his cradle! Consider him in later years, when his full influence, and his best influence, had been attained—and study the mild splendor of his whole example, towards his “going down.”

He gave his testimony to the value of religion, in the right way; not as mere declaimers do, who talk religiously, and speak of piety with great respect, (because they dare not do it with contempt,)—but, by his practice, by obedience to her commands. And, you need to be reminded of this fact, and to be rescued from the influence of other men. There is a way of talking of religion, and speaking, in round terms, and sometimes eloquently too, of Christianity, as the great light and blessing of the world; which fills the ear, but not the measure of a good example; and which may have a bad effect upon the young. It gives them the impression, that, not only do the country,

and the times, require some show of a respect for piety, in every public man ; but, that, the language of respect is all that is demanded — and, hence, the insidious thought, (but half acknowledged to themselves,) that public men are not expected to be good ! Why they should not be, who is able to declare ? Why they may not be, neither are we able to discover—for, there is no inconsistency between the duties one may render to his country, and the duties of religion ; between the claims of piety, and of the state. Nay, in our way and measure, to do the state some service, (if it fall to our lot,) becomes a duty of religion. Why should they not be, who are entrusted with such vast, and holy interests, and are charged with so great responsibilities ? Why should they not be, who are set as lights to guide the steps of other men ? upon whose actions there is fixed the steady gaze of millions, not only of the middle-aged, but of the ambitious, plastic, imitative, young ? Or, is the shrine, of liberty, the only one, which needs no priesthood of its own ? And is the flame so deathless, and so pure, on freedom's altar, that, though fed, it may be, by unhallowed hands, it will burn on, by day and night, forever ! Young men, you must be practically good, in order to be eminently great.

Gather we, now, around the sick bed of that dying man! Who makes all his bed in his sickness? The Almighty! The One, of whose service he was not ashamed, in his health, while "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He is alone, with only those who attend him—shut up in his weary room—shut out from the theatre of his glory—shut in from the free air of heaven! No crowds, now, are gathered before him—no Senate is hushed at his rising:—he moves—but his step is enfeebled:—he motions, but the nurse only heeds him:—he speaks, and his nurse only hears him! All is gone, which used to arouse him. He is never more to appear in the Senate. All is gone, but religion! All is gone, but the faith, and repentance, in which alone he found rest!

What is it, that, cheers him? that fills up, in a mind such as his, the room of his labors? that makes him a child in his spirit? that makes him resigned to his fate? that makes his eye calm? and his voice to be always gentle? and his pain to be, almost, sweet? It is the force of religion!

What is he seeing? as his eye has that pleased, but abstracted gaze, as if looking at something which is not of earth, very fair, and apparent to

him ; as if in the distance ? It may be "the intermediate state"—with its rest, and its people, and flowers ! It may be, a throne is in sight, which he hopes to inherit ! It may be, he sees, in a clearer light, the worth of religion.

To whom is he speaking, when his lips only move, and his eye is closed, and his voice does not follow ? It may be, that, he is in prayer ! "I am going !" he feels the approach ; he knows that the moment is coming. The vision increases, in light :—the darkness is gathering, here—and, there, the veil is uplifting ! "I am going"—his words are prophetic ! "I am going"—he sees, what we cannot see ! he feels, what we cannot know ! Fancy might fly over the waters, of death ; and return, like the wearied dove, with no "leaf" ! And faith might dive, in the waters, of death, and bring no pearl from beneath ! He sees, what we cannot see ! and he feels, what we cannot know !

A moment more, and his words are fulfilled— and the christian man, and the Statesman, is gone ! I see him — but not near ! I see him — but not nigh ! Young men—could you wish he had not been a christian man ? Was he ever more great, than in his sick room ? Did he not rightly die ?

His shade would reprove me, and my own conscience condemn me, if I did not add the advice to which all these remarks have been tending.

He had faults ;—and his early life was marred by excesses. But, he wept over these ; and stamped them with reprobation :—and we cannot deny that silence, which is bought by repentance !

But, in one thing, do not follow his example—in putting off your repentance until you are old. He regretted it, while he was living—he would tell you so, now. He would warn you against the answer of youth, and of manhood, and sometimes, of hoary age ; to the calls of the preacher, or the voice of the spirit—“ when I am old.” Ah, can you count upon old age ? and if it comes, upon the opportunity ? on the calm pulse, and the clear mind ? and on the lengthened day of grace ? and on the readiness, which we but seldom find ?

Besides the loss of all that might have been acquired for eternity, there is the dread uncertainty ! I know, at times, the mercy is vouchsafed. Some wait till they are old, and yet God suffers them to make such preparation for eternity, as justifies the hope of a happy immortality, of some degree of glory. The instance of that brilliant



star, whose recent going down, in death, has left a place, to be unfilled, perhaps, for generations, in our country's sky—confirms the exhaustless mercy, and long-suffering of God—but, as a rare exception, preaches to the young. He offered all he could, while yet in all the pride of manly intellect, and the enjoyment of renown! The master mind, still in its energy, was bowed in awe. And the great heart, whose full pulsations reached the limits of the world, was bathed in penitential tears:—his spirit, in its strength, put on the garment of humility! And, there was granted him, some years of service. And a long, lingering illness, (which might gently break the spell of the attractions of his popularity, and the enchantments of the world—which ever preached to him, from day to day—through weakness, and through agony:—sometimes in tenderness, and then, with the sharp voice of its reproof:—which, as a handmaid, waited on, and served the movements of devotion; which, as a teacher, trained him, for his death, and immortality:)—and, he has gone;—and, “at that day,” we trust that he will wear a crown;—not, for his service to the State, but, for his penitence:—not, for his fervor, but his faith:—not, for his daring, but submission:—

not, for his eloquence, but his acknowledgment of the Redeemer, as the author of the world's salvation, and his own.

But, his was not the fate of many men. You cannot count upon long suffering:—you cannot count upon a cloudless evening sky:—you cannot count upon longevity! And, from the dying Statesman's bed, there comes a voice, addressed to every being, here, “while you are young:” —while you are young, enter the race, with the athlete! While you are young, contend for mastery! While you are young, encourage piety! While you are young, improve the time of preparation for eternity! Lay hold upon the brightest crowns—lay hold upon the greenest palms—mount to the highest thrones, “while you are young!” Aye,—and, in time—before the tyrant death, shall lay his cold, and pulseless, hand, upon your beating hearts, and say, be still—be still!—“while you are young!”

Salome, mother of St. James, and of St. John, desired, that, they might sit, the one upon his right hand, and the other, on the left, of the Redeemer, in his kingdom. (It is written in the gospel for the day.) Her mind was on the earth. She thought his kingdom would be here. And

he replied, "ye know not what ye ask." "It shall be given unto them, for whom it is prepared of my Father!" His "kingdom is not of this world." It was, perhaps, a natural ambition. It was, no doubt, the ambition of her sons. It is, perhaps, the wish of, almost, every mother. It is, perhaps, the wish of every son. But, there is, yet, a better kingdom, which shall come—not here!—not now!—not of this world!—to come; when sceptres rust; and when the bones of kings are mouldered into dust! It shall prosper! Its glory shall not fade! Its crowns shall never wither! Its people shall not die! Seek, *there*, for wealth—seek *there* for popularity—seek *there* for fame! (I am speaking, as it were, by the authority of his last years—and, almost, in his name.) Mothers, "ye know not what ye ask," who only seek for temporal distinction for your sons. Young men, ye know not what ye ask, who seek for place, on earth, as the great end, of being! Ye may drink, deeply, of that cup—and be baptized, to freedom, in your blood—but to sit upon the right hand, and the left hand, of the throne, which shall outlast republics; which shall stand immoveably, alone, when time is over, and its kingdoms perished, and its glory gone:—by

penitence, and faith, and charity ; and, by the unappreciated grace of a sincere humility ; is to be won ! Seek *there*—Seek *there*, for endless peace, and endless happiness, and endless fame ! There is no death ! All things are true. All things are permanent. All is “in perpetuity,” *in Heaven !*

O GOD, whose days are without end and whose mercies cannot be numbered ; make us, we beseech thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life ; and let thy HOLY SPIRIT lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives : that, when we shall have served thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience ; in the communion of the catholic Church ; in the confidence of a certain faith ; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope ; in favor with thee our GOD, and in perfect charity with the world : All which we ask through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

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